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WM. McDOWELL, EDITOR.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF PRACTICAL FASHIONS FOR WOMEN. DEVOTED TO DRESSMAKERS, LADIES TAILORS AND MILLINERS, PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR.

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FOR RATES OF ADVERTISING APPLY TO THE COMPANY

PICTORIAL REVIEW does not hesitate over expense or trouble when endeavoring to place before its readers the latest styles. This is shown in our Monte Carlo letter of this issue. The writer was sent from this office and ordered to leave no stone unturned in her efforts to search for the new and the fashionable, and it is with pardonable pride that we set before our readers "this dainty dish."

If you want to see how "advance" are these styles—that is something that is dear to every woman's heart—just compare this issue of the best fashion paper published with the next ones of alleged rivals. But imitation is the sweetest flattery, and the readers of other publications are welcome to the styles—several weeks after our readers have learned them.

PANNE satin cloth is one of the novelties of spring. It is to cloth what panne velvet is to velvet, and has all the gloss and beauty of satin, with a thickness that makes it of value to the tailor.

A NEW woolen goods for spring costumes is granite cloth. It is light in weight, and has close resemblance to the jagged edges of unpolished granite. Gray and light brown are the colors it looks best in.

FOULARD sateen is a new fabric. A new process for securing a higher polish on sateen has been discovered, and the foulard patterns are used for figures. The result is very pleasing, and a very charming toilette is secured at a low price.

SILK organdie is the latest result of the manufacturer's skill. There seems to be a great effort this season to manufacture one kind of material to look like another. Silk organdie is a mixture of silk and cotton, and seems to have the redeeming quietness of both.

It has the firmness of the silk, with the soft, clinging qualities of cotton.

It makes exquisite summer party gowns, and is especially appropriate for commencement and confirmation frocks.

It will be seized upon by the seashore belles, as it is not so liable to become limp when breathed upon by old Neptune.

IN the current issue of *Les Parisiennes* there appears the latest thing in capes. The model arrived in this country too late for publication in this book. It is one of King's creations, and every woman who has an idea of Parisian styles knows what this means. The cape is in two shades of gray, or, as one is so pale, perhaps gray and pearl white would be more correct. The material is cloth.

The paler shade is used in a large box plait down the back. The darker shade is laid in narrow, single plaits. A yoke is formed by stitching, which runs at right angles to the plaits. The effect is very chic, and very Parisian.

APROPOS of *Les Parisiennes*, our special correspondent makes, in a private letter, a most flattering statement. All the leading tailors of Paris are subscribers to that publication, so valuable to high-class ladies' tailors.

When the American Fashion Company started its branch house in Paris our friends were astounded.

"Oh, it is as absurd to try to introduce American styles in Paris as it would be to carry coals to Newcastle!" they exclaimed.

But the success of the book in Paris is not only flattering to its publishers, but it proves that Paris is conceding some of her frills and flounces, and is becoming more tailor-made.

WHAT *Les Parisiennes* is to tailors, our new book *L'Idéal* is to high-class dressmakers. It contains eight large plates of the newest gowns, robes, wraps and waists. The fashions are correct, it is needless to say, and the book is an ornament to any dressmaker's establishment.

The cover is an artistic affair of pressed melton paper of rich, moss green, with gold lettering. The price is $12.00 per year.

THE Renaissance lace robes are used extensively in Paris for dinner and ball gowns. Every establishment is busy turning out the exquisite costumes.

Mme. Havet has created "a dream of a robe," as one enthusiastic feminine said of it; or, to quote exactly the pretty little Parisian, *"C'est ravissante, Madame."*

The skirt is plain, slightly gathered at the waist, and sweeps out into a long, graceful train. Medallions of white satin containing hand-painted flowers are inlaid.

The waist front, back and sleeves are inlaid with the daintily-colored medallions, and the finishing touches are artistic bows of ivory tinted satin ribbon.

The gowns will be the tip of the mode here. Even now many are being ordered.

TAILORED gowns of black satin or black taffeta stitched with white are an innovation. Satin and taffeta, except for facing or trimming, have been the exclusive right of the dressmaker.

When a representative of this paper spoke to a leading tailor on the subject the reply was:

"Paris is responsible for the fad. Of course, satin and taffeta do not lend themselves to the tailor gown, except in loose coats and jackets. We have not made any gowns of this style yet, but a taffeta or satin gown made with plaited skirt and Eton jacket, or box coat, stitched with white, would be very chic. It remains to be seen how popular they will be."

PARIS has a society composed of professional needlewomen, whether tailors, dressmakers or milliners, that New York would do well to imitate. The Société des Couturieres gives an annual ball, where each firm vies with the other in pleasant rivalry as to which will turn out the most striking and original costume.

Aside from the regulation benefit to be derived from the union, the ball brings out many clever ideas, and the working woman, who has not the time to visit the show-rooms of her confreres, can have an opportunity to study the designs and models of the masters of her trade.

At the last ball, held the last of January, one of the most striking costumes worn by a pretty "manequin," a name given to the living fashion plates, was of Nile green satin. The skirt was made with a large plait down the back, and the train was two and a half yards long. There was a flounce of chiffon, shaded from moss green to Nile, headed by a band of mock diamonds. On the front panel was embroidered a Louis XIV. tableau, in mock diamonds and pearls. The bodice was heart-shaped in the back, and square in front. The shoulder straps were three rows of pearls

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SCARLET cloth is voted "smart" for the fashioning of dinner gowns at country house parties; it recalls the hunt coat, and is a charming piece of color amidst the somber black which constitutes the evening garb of the sterner sex.

This novelty is carried out in the princess style, fitting tightly and with a trained skirt, the front crosses over with large revers in white panne veiled with Venetian guipure which is bordered with two bands of mink. A large bow made of black moiré is placed on the shoulder. The lower part of the dress opens in front over white panne covered with guipure.

Another toilette in the same style may be carried out in white cloth with guipure appliqués over white satin.

Two bands of guipure are laid on the dress; the first which is taken round the scalloped edge, is laid over several plissés of mousseline de soie which fill up the spaces between the scallops.

The low cut bodice which is slightly bloused is trimmed in the same style; the bands of guipure being laid crossways on the cloth. The long, tight fitting lace sleeves should be lined with white chiffon which sets off the guipure to better advantage, and such a lining should always be adopted with transparent sleeves. A long chiffon sash ornamented with small puffings at the lower part encircles the waist and falls in long ends at the back. A large tuft of roses is placed on the left shoulder and similar flowers springing from a white tulle rosette adorn the hair. This gown can be worn on various occasions; for dinners, parties, or the opera or theater.

The newest things in Evening Gowns will be one of the features of the next issue.

GOWNS WORN BY MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "THE COWBOY AND THE LADY."

(Described on page 22.)

GOWNS WORN BY MISS ANNIE IRISH IN "BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO."

(Described on page 22—No attempt at portraiture.)

STYLES FROM THE RIVIERA.

Monte Carlo, January 30.

THE Riviera in the late winter and early spring is the common ground upon which the fashionable, exclusive and gay worlds of all nations meet. The season in New York, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna is over, and devotees of Fashion are seeking fresh fields and pastures restful. The air of dolce far niente that pervades all the picturesque resorts along the Mediterranean coast, Cannes, Nice, Mentone and Monte Carlo, suggests sweet repose after the mad whirl of society's treadmill. The London season has not begun, and the English aristocracy is here gathering strength for its long, hot season.

SEEN AT CANNES.

Where the exclusive set goes naturally gyrate the people seeking recognition, and so on down the scale. "The World and his wife were there" must have been said first of Monte Carlo. For this is the axis upon which the society of the whole coast line turns. The Mediterranean is not "done," in the words of the globe-trotter, unless Monte Carlo is visited.

It is a miniature world—a composite picture of humanity. All types are represented. There one sees my lady, the grand dame, whose name is in The Almanac de Gotha, and who is received at the most exclusive courts of Europe. Beside her is a dazzling creature who is the idol of the Boulevardiers, and whose rustling skirts leave a trail of patchouli, and to whom monsieur bows if madame is not looking. There is the noted actress seeking more notoriety, and making her press agent work over time.

A famous singer, wearing her latest present from a crowned head, creates a new sensation. The gentleman with large checked trousers, flamboyant linen, and studs and pins that would induce envious twinges in the breast of a Casino chorus girl, is in evidence. One comes face to face with most respectable members of the middle class, who have shut up their shops for the first time, and are enjoying their first vacation. One regards amusedly the timid little girl who creeps into the shadow of the wing of the grim old dowager chaperoning her, and who looks out with frightened eyes, expecting to see Vice stalking about with total disregard for the covering considered conventional. But Monte Carlo has learned to agree with Walpole, "Vice loses half its sin by losing all its grossness." If his Satanic Majesty stalks through the land at Monte Carlo, it is a most gentlemanly devil, gotten up by the best tailors, and as well groomed as that prince of good fellows, Albert Edward of Wales.

All is gayety. The sole duty in life seems to be to amuse one's self. Work and worry seem to belong to another world. Occasionally the foreign post brings one a letter that reminds one that slush and snow and scrambles for cable cars, and undignified disputes with gentlemen who insist on one's "stepping lively," harrow the souls of the people at home in New York. In the clear sunlight from this azure sky, the picture refuses to hold its shape. Dull, dingy New York fades from one's mental vision and the brilliant picture of the present in its gorgeous frame delights the eye once more. The glittering kaleidoscope here is all absorbing. This seems Fashion's central point.

Here one sees the handsome gown one saw at the morning concert in the Winter Garden in Nice last week. The jewel one admired in Menton not long ago gleams, in time, under the glittering chandeliers of Monte Carlo. This is like a seat near the head of a mighty river—the waters are sure to pass in time. Monte Carlo is the mountain, and all the world is Mohammed.

Literally, we are the gambling district of Monaco. The historic castle of Monaco crowns the highest hill. Its ramparts frown on the most exquisite expanse of sea known to modern mariner. This old castle is strangely mixed with French, Italian and English history, and its place in the pages of modern society is unique.

Romances in real life of Monte Carlo date to Frederick Barbarossa, to the Roman Empire—even to the Gauls and back to where the horizon of fact is no longer a clearly defined line, but is merged into the sea of uncertainty.

SEEN AT MONTE CARLO.

The batteries, guns and fortifications are of the period of Louis XIV. The decorations are more gorgeous than mere words can convey. They far surpass the magnificence of the Tuileries in the palmiest days of the Empire. The concert hall has been the scene of some of Patti's triumphs, and the reading room is unsurpassed.

"This room is more complete than that of any club in London, not excepting the Athenæum," said a noted Englishman to me yesterday, as he turned over a pile of new magazines, of which PICTORIAL REVIEW was one.

From the summit of Monte Carlo to the little village below, are dotted picturesque cottages. They all form a part of the tiny little principality that has maintained a state of curious semi-independence for centuries, wedged in between such great powers. The Prince of Monaco is monarch supreme, except when his subjects are guilty of great crime, then they must face French tribunals. His army demands more consideration than in the days when

GAMBLING ROOM AT MONTE CARLO.

this story was told of it. When asked for an account of affairs of the army, an official replied: "The infantry is all right, but there is widespread disease in the cavalry."

There was one infantryman, and the only cavalryman was "down with the measles."

But I forgot I was cabled to send to PICTORIAL REVIEW the latest fashions. Would you learn them? Then come to the card room. Here

SEEN AT NICE.

you will learn all you wish. You will see gowns you cannot help recognizing as those of Paquin, Doucet, Laferrière and Bouée Soeurs. You are just as sure of it as if your eyes could pierce the countless frills and dimpled shoulders of the fair ladies, and read the little white and gold bands in the backs of the gowns. You will notice first that vague, half tones, constitute the colors of the gowns. Pastil shades, if you will. Many tailor gowns of an exquisite delicate shade of cerise are seen. This shade seems to vie with pale gray and biscuit. Skirts are made with the box plait, plain, double or triple, or they are boxed all around, stitched to knees, having the appearance of a plain, sheath skirt, till the stitching ends, and the large, flaring plaits swing out. Small plaits all around are used still. But the latest skirt is the "bonne femme," that is slightly gathered all around at the waist.

As to the waists, one word describes them—bolero. All the changes possible are rung on this, from the Spanish figaro to the old-style zouave. One of the most stunning gowns of this style I have seen was at the Casino last evening. It was a cerise cheviot, made with double box plait skirt, stitched straps covering the seams, and with a broad girdle of black and white ribbon. Everything is tailor-made. Even Paris, the land of frou-frou frills and flounces, is learning gradually the beauties of tailor gowns.

A very chic costume seen at Mentone was a black and white checked skirt, with short black satin bolero, stitched with white. An extreme style is the Empire. This will be used for special occasion, but is too bizarre for the street.

A great number of boleros are being shown without collars, the neck line being finished off by straps, stitching or braid. Leather straps and buckles are being used for fasteners for boleros.

Sleeves are rather tight, although a little gathering at the top is preferred for those who are not blessed with a perfect figure.

Golf capes, in hundreds of different combinations of light checked material, with strap trimmings and fringes, are in vogue. The louder the combination in colors, the more fashionable. This convenient and attractive style of wrap is more popular than ever, if such a thing could be possible.

Dainty little jackets and top coats are seen in black satin, or sometimes taffeta silk. They are stitched, usually, in white. Often they are trimmed and faced with white or black cloth. The lining is white silk, usually.

No. 575.—At Nice, on the Avenue des Anglais, last week, I saw a couple of stylish tailor gowns. One was a biscuit-colored cloth skirt. The box plait opened down the back and was stitched, as was the bottom of the skirt. The waist was a dark brown cloth, with revers of the lighter shade, as were the frogs.

No. 588.—Another gown was cerise cloth, with bias tucks of black satin let in between the seams of waist and at bottom of skirt. Revers were white lace over cerise satin.

No. 585.—Tailor gowns of black taffeta stitched with white are very chic. I saw a gown of this style at the Casino to-day. The skirt had a double box plait in back, the outer one stitched, like the two single plaits at the sides. Stitched straps decorated the waist.

No. 578.—A very cunning jacket of light tan, two scollops in front, and trimmed with small, mother-of-pearl buttons.

No. 579.—At Cannes I saw the prettiest jacket during the trip. Light gray, braided with black, revers, stitched, and rest of white broadcloth.

No. 590.—Blue golf cape, with blue and white plaid yoke, and two rows of blue fringe below stitched straps.

No. 591.—Attractive golf cape of brilliant purple, with white, purple and yellow plaid hood. Fringe of purple and yellow. I learned that the original design came from Scotland's, Rue Auber, Paris.

At the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Nice, last evening I saw some charming evening gowns.

Descriptions of page 9.

No. 1.—A charming party gown of

SEEN AT MONTE CARLO.

light blue chiffon, over taffeta of same shade, banded with narrow white satin ribbon. The skirt is the new bonne femme, which lends itself with good effect to gauzy, fairy-like materials, especially when worn by svelte figures. The bodice fastens in back, and the chiffon is bloused over the tighter lining. Beneath the white lace yoke are four bands of the ribbon. Ribbons confine the sleeves. The sash of blue liberty silk is finished with a flounce of same, headed and edged with a ruffle of white lace.

No. 2.—A handsome ball gown of

NICE: L'AVENUE DE LA GARE.

ivory satin, under black spangled net. The waist and sleeves are of the satin, covered with white chiffon. Epaulettes of black ruching give a chic effect. Outlining the appliqued vest of black spangles is a ruffle of white chiffon.

No. 3.—White satin, appliqued with cream lace, as is seen, is a pleasing costume. The flounce is accordion plaited liberty silk, edged with cream lace. The sleeves are of the satin, tucked, and a plain band of lace marks the severe square of the yoke. The sash is cream satin ribbon.

At Nice it was that I saw three such exquisite foulard silks. The young woman who made my sketches called at my hotel; we ordered a trap and drove down l'avenue des Anglais. Here one sees the fashion and wealth, resident and visiting, of the city. The drive is along the shore and the brilliant, changing picture of the promenade is ever interesting and absorbing.

Mrs. W. W. Thomas, wife of the American minister to Stockholm, who has just arrived, and who presented Mrs. W. R. Livermore, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Livermore, the military attache, and Miss Duryea, of Chicago, to Queen Sophia, on January 16, was driving with a party of friends. They got out of their trap on the Jetée Promenade, and the gowns were sketched. They are pictured on page 13 and are as follows:

No. 1.—Blue foulard silk figured with white, and tiny crosses of black. The skirt has a single box plait in the back, and a cluster of small

SKETCHED AT CANNES.
(See page 26 for pattern.)

SKETCHED AT MENTONE.
(For pattern see page 26.)

plaits, stitched on either hip. A scalloped, gathered ruffle edges the bottom of skirt. The sleeves are plain blue silk under white lace. A lace fichu, held by black velvet ribbon, with fancy buckles, finish the waist, which is slightly bloused in front and tucked in back.

No. 2.—Brown foulard silk, figured with white. The skirt is the new bonne femme which has been described in detail on another page. The waist is tight fitting in the back, slightly bloused in front. The yoke, white lace over plain yellow silk, is plain in the back and laid in plaits in front. It is edged with a lace ruffle that ends in jabot in front.

No. 3.—Old rose foulard silk, figured in black. The skirt is made with double box plait in back. Three plaits on each side stitched nearly to knees and flaring to the feet. Two bands of black velvet ribbon decorate the bottom. The waist has the appearance of continuing the box plait of the back. The front is laid in three folds, either side of the vest, of ecru lace over white satin. Across the vest is a lattice-work of black velvet ribbon. From the under-arm seams to the vest, in diagonal lines, are appliques of ecru lace.

Mrs. C. S. Winslow is one of the many charming American women here.

Mrs. Arthur Taylor, of New York, arrived recently, and wears some charming frocks. In fact, my artist remarks, whenever she sees a particularly stylish woman:

"Ah, madame, that must be one of your countrywomen."

And I am pleased to say that, usually, her guess is correct. Our women seem to have a sort of distinction that enables one to recognize them even in a crowd noted for its style and gorgeousness of attire.

I must not forget to send you details of three of the prettiest street costumes seen at Mentone, the haven of invalids, that place of which is said: *Un eternel printemps sous un ciel tourjour bleu.* They are pictured on page 11. No. 1 is black liberty satin. The skirt is laid in fine plaits, ends with a scalloped ruffle, headed with a band of Renaissance lace, which matches the front panel. The waist is slightly bloused on the belt, and the draped revers are the latest conceit. They are edged, as are the epaulettes, with lace.

No. 2. Cherry-colored cheviot. The skirt is the bonne femme. Waist has a cluster of tucks over each shoulder. Belt and plastron of black panne velvet, dotted with white.

No. 3. Heliotrope panne satin cloth. Skirt has box plait in the back, and single plaits on sides. There are appliques of cream lace on the revers, and the vest and belt are cream lace over white satin.

To-morrow we go back to Cannes for a last glimpse of that garden-spot of the earth. Many there are to whom Cannes is the most beautiful of the towns of the Littoral. Beautiful it is, with its old Moorish terraces, and steep hill crowned by Notre Dame de l'Espérance, with the purple Esterels stretching away on the right, and the wooded slopes of Californie, dotted with princely villas on the left. The chief charm of Cannes lies in its outdoor life. There are many excursions, one of the prettiest being to La Napoule, about 9 kilos distant; Grasse is interesting for its scent manufactories, and there the piles of shredded tangerine skins to be seen at intervals drying along the shore are transported to form the basis of several perfumes. The Ile S. Marguerite (the home at the expense of the Government of Louis Quatorze of the famous *Masque de fer*) and Ile S. Honorat are full of interest. These two islands lie side by side opposite Cannes, and a pretty legend accounting for their division records how S. Marguerite, the sister of S. Honorat, visited her brother, contrary to the Saint's idea of monastic life. He prayed the sea to separate them, and the one island in the night became two. But S. Marguerite took her turn at prayer, and it came to pass that S. Honorat promised to visit his sister whenever the cherry trees blossomed, which, at S. Marguerite's supplication, they did every month. The monastery of S. Honorat is open to inspection only to men; daughters of Eve can gaze only on its frowning walls, with the exception of a Daughter of France, who has a Royal right of *entree*. The Franciscans are the monks in possession.

MADAME CHIC.

SEEN AT NICE

SKETCHED AT NICE.

(*Described on page 7.*)

HAIRDRESSING.

HAIRDRESSING is an important study to a woman who wishes a first place in the ranks of the stylish.

At present there is no style that is absolutely arbitrary. It is very well for the careless writer to advise every woman to do her hair in the manner most becoming; but every stylish woman knows that it is just as impossible to do her hair pompadour, when every other woman is appearing with hers parted in madona fashion, as it is to wear a draped overskirt when eel-skin gowns are the height of the mode.

Of course, the clever woman modifies and compromises with the fashion. If the top of her head is flat, which denotes a lack of reverence, so say the phrenologists, she does not flatten her hair on the sides, after it is parted in the centre, and so accentuate her defect. She parts it, of course, but crimps it on top, and allows the edges to puff slightly.

The casual observer would say, "She has her hair dressed according to the law of Fashion"—if the madona style is the correct thing. The close observer would recognize a woman of discernment.

FOR ROUND FACES.

THE PARTED POMPADOUR

The madona style is not in favor, now, however, though a few women of fashion dress their hair in this manner, notably Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy of India.

The prevailing mode is the pompadour with the Japanese roll at the sides and back. It is like a pompadour all around the head. The ends of hair are drawn to a small peak or puff on top of the head. If the face is very round, the hair may be slightly parted in front, and the effect of the pompadour be kept still.

If the face is very long, the hair done on top of the head accentuates the fact, and the softening effect of the side pompadour is lost. In this case, the hair is coiled at the centre of the back of the head.

The Duchess of Marlborough wears her hair in this manner. No one knows why. It is not becoming to her, but she persisted in the fashion when every one else was wearing the hair flat on top. In all probability, she will continue to "be pompadoured" after Fashion has turned her back upon this style.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter is another woman who dresses her hair distinctively, yet with a slight regard for the prevailing fashion. When the madona style was worn, Mrs. Potter, who always parts her hair on the side, whether she is at a private entertainment or plays Marie Antoinette, or Cleopatra, flattened the hair from the part. Now she puts small rolls on either side of the part, out of respect to the pompadour fad. This style of doing the hair is popular in London at present, and doubtless will be seen here, by the time this issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW is on the news stands.

Bangs are worn, not extensively, but the side locks at the corners of the pompadour are creeping across the brow slowly, but surely.

A LA JAPANESE.

KIMONOS FOR TEA AND DRESSING GOWNS.

PERHAPS it is the Japanese coiffure that has made the kimono fashionable for dressing gowns and tea gowns; but, no matter what the cause, these sensible, pretty (and that is a rare combination) robes are much worn.

It is said that her dressing gown is the only article of the toilette that would suggest the nationality of the Empress of Japan. She does wear modern dress in her bedroom. The only difference between the dressing gown and tea gown is the latter is longer, as in this illustration. For materials, a choice may be made between moss-green, peacock, or terra-cotta wash silk, or peau de soie, and a quilted lining in daffodil-yellow, shrimp-pink, or azure-blue. Russian braid or appliqué embroidered passementerie might be used as a border, or simply a strip of Paisley or floral silk corded at either edge. A broad sash of figured Pongée makes another touch of color, and, although it is not advisable to have colorings which do not harmonize, yet the effect may be more bizarre than for the ordinary style of gown. The sash is made up into two large bows, which quite cover the back of the bodice portion, and these are fixtures, and one side of the band fastens with buttons or hooks and eyes beneath the spreading bow.

The gown pictured here is a reproduction of one worn by the wife of a popular young naval officer stationed at Nagasaki. She is fond of receiving in the pretty costume of the native women.

The material is old rose Japanese silk. A large stork is embroidered in gold over the left bust. A larger stork decorates the right side of the gown at the bottom. The lining is a paler shade of rose, silk quilted and stitched with red. Instead of the regulation butterfly sash, a broad girdle of figured silk is worn. A band of the same borders the entire gown and sleeves.

Designs for street costumes, now on their way from Paris, will appear in the next issue.

SKETCHED AT MENTONE.

(*Described on page 8.*)

Conducted by OLIVIA BELL.

WHATEVER else the child's wardrobe may lack, an outer garment, that can be slipped on and off with ease, is essential and must be supplied. Health, as well as comfort, make the demand and wise mothers look to such provision before gowns are considered at all.

The very charming reefers and capes shown on page 18 are all in excellent style, and are, withal, so simple as to be easily made at home. While considerable variety of color is allowed, materials for the jackets are generally of either cheviot or broadcloth in quiet tones; those for the capes are either some bright color or plaid. The latter, being used for dress wraps, rather than for the hours of play, are more picturesque, while the jackets are more sturdy as to stuff and color.

Number one is loose and comfortable at the same time that it is eminently smart. The model is of cadet blue broadcloth trimmed with straps of the cloth and braided with black in yoke and epaulette effect. The collar proper is of blue velvet, but the revers are self faced. While, as a matter of course, colors can be varied, the above combination is singularly effective and serviceable.

Number two suggests Red Riding Hood, and is charming as well as exceedingly simple of construction. The color as shown is one of the new dull blues, the trimming black sutache braid. Both the hood and cape proper are lined with a deep rich red silk, which greatly enhances the effect.

Number three is of tan cloth, with straps of the same down the front, and a simple trimming of brown braid and small buttons. The plait at the back gives added style.

Number four shows a reefer, but a plainer model than number one. The material, which is broadcloth, is in a deep shade of coffee brown, while the bands are of velvet in a richer shade. It is lined throughout with a bright plaid silk.

Number five illustrates a cape combining plaid with plain cloth, and is peculiarly well adapted to the utilization of short lengths.

Number six represents a smart little reefer in dark blue, with black velvet as a finish to the collar. The back includes a double box plait, with a buttoned strap at the waist line, but the labor of making remains trifling in spite of the fact.

Number seven shows still another reefer, and is quite plain, except for the collar, which is made picturesque by applied cloth in a contrasting tone stretched around all its edges.

Number eight is severe in general cut, but includes a fanciful sailor collar that is charmingly childish and effective. Machine stitching with bands of the cloth makes the main finish; but bits of darker velvet form points at the back of the collar and are laid under bands of cloth to form the small squares at the front. In common with all the models, it is silk lined. Silk insures a better fit than any other lining that can be chosen.

GIRLS' GOWNS FOR EARLY SPRING.

INNUMERABLE mothers make their children's gowns, even when their own seem too arduous a task to undertake without the help of technical skill. This season the styles are charmingly simple and are tasteful in the fullest sense.

Materials, while they show some change, are not radically different from those of last year. Lightweight cheviots, camels' hair serge, drap d'été and the new liberty cloths will be used for outdoor costumes; cashmeres, Henriettas, nun's veiling and challie will be favorites for indoor wear, while such simple silks as China and India can be utilized later when warm weather shall have made its demand. No heavier sort is in good taste for little folks' use.

On page 19 are shown admirable designs which, in addition to being stylish and up to date, lend themselves to home-making, and the always necessary remodeling far more readily than is generally the case.

Number one shows a stylish street gown made from two materials. As illustrated, the under portion of the skirt, plastron and bands are of the new liberty satin cloth in a deep shade of old rose. The gown proper is of drap d'été in a much paler shade. The cloth, as its name implies, has a satin finish.

The bodice is a simple, slightly full blouse, with a deep collar that means a smart touch and is always becoming to girlish figures. The plastron, or vest, is attached at one side to the fitted lining and hooks over into place. The bands are made double, or lined with soft silk, and are stitched beneath the scalloped edge. Handsome buttons complete the front.

As any mother will see at a glance, plaid can be substituted for the cloth, or various other changes can be made and combinations devised when last year's gown is to be remade, or material already on hand must be utilized.

Number two is designed for a somewhat younger miss, and is of camel's hair serge in a dull blue, with yoke of heavy cream lace over white, but is well adapted to cashmere, Henrietta, nun's veiling and challie. The skirt fits smoothly without being over tight, and includes a circular flounce which gives flare and freedom about the knees. Finishing it is a bias band of the material, stitched into place, and finished with three buttons of brilliant cut steel.

The bodice takes the youthful form of a blouse, but is not over full. To get the best results it should be made over a fitted lining that closes at the front, while the blouse, yoke and collar hook at left side. The bertha-like frill is graceful and adds greatly to the effect, while at the same time it is simplicity itself. The sleeves are snug without that tightness which means discomfort, and should always be avoided.

Number three illustrates a combination that is so completely suggestive and practical as to require little comment. When the entire gown is new, the plaid and plain, arranged as in the model, are excellent; but they can be transposed without loss of effect if the emergencies of remodeling make it wise so dispense one or the other. As shown, the plaid is a quiet one, mainly in tones of green with white and tans. The plain material is Henrietta in one of the new spring greens, that is on the pastel order. The band of plaid at the bottom of the skirt is cut to fit each piece of the lining and stitched with it. The overdress is made entirely separate and self-faced, then stitched down to the lining on the line of the uppermost row of stitching. The entire skirt falls in graceful folds and lines; and the freedom allowed by leaving the stitched portion of Henrietta unattached does away with all effect of rigidity.

The bodice is in blouse style, but only slightly full, and must be made over a lining fitted with care, although it need not be boned. The buttons used are mother-of-pearl and exceedingly handsome. The sleeves, which carry out the line of the yoke, are snug and finished with a slight flare over the hands.

Number four represents a chic costume of cadet blue cheviot, with trimming of narrow black silk braid and sash of black liberty ribbon. The skirt is snug, without being tight, and falls in graceful folds at the feet. Being quite plain, except for the bands of narrow braid, it adds to the height and is peculiarly well suited to the chubby girls, who need such help.

The bodice is on the blouse order but combines with it the jacket effect. The vest of white cloth is braided with black, the high collar is faced with panne velvet of the same shade as the cloth.

Answers to Correspondents.

All communications designed for this column should be addressed to Olivia Bell.

To Olivia Bell:

I am in need of a stylish golf suit, can you tell me what to get and how to make it?—C. M.

By all means get good material. Golf means hard usage and only the best cloth will endure such. The skirt pattern shown on page 25 of the February PICTORIAL REVIEW is excellent. I would suggest that you get a double-faced cloth, and follow that design with a jaunty Eton for the coat. Or, if you prefer plain color, get a cloth heavy enough to be unlined in one of the new dull blues, or a mixture of browns with tan.

To Olivia Bell:

What new light-weight cloth will be worn for spring? I want a gown that will be wearable early, yet not too heavy for early summer.--KATHARINE B.

One of the newest materials is Liberty satin cloth, and as it is light in weight, yet suitable for spring, I think it will suit you admirably. Get any one of the lovely new pastel shades; but do not make the mistake of treating the material as you would broadcloth. It requires a somewhat less severe style.

To Olivia Bell:

What silk will make the most satisfactory shirt waists? And please advise me as to the style. I want to make two or three for spring wear, with a tailored suit.—MARY J.

In my judgment nothing is more effective than corded taffeta. White is a great favorite, and, if you line your jacket with white satin, does not soil over readily, but all delicate colors are used. Either of the patterns on page 25 of the February issue is good. If you want something really handsome I would advise No. 10, with heavy batiste embroidery for the fronts.

THE next issue will contain handsome tea gown designs. . . . . .

SPRING SILKS, SKETCHED AT NICE.

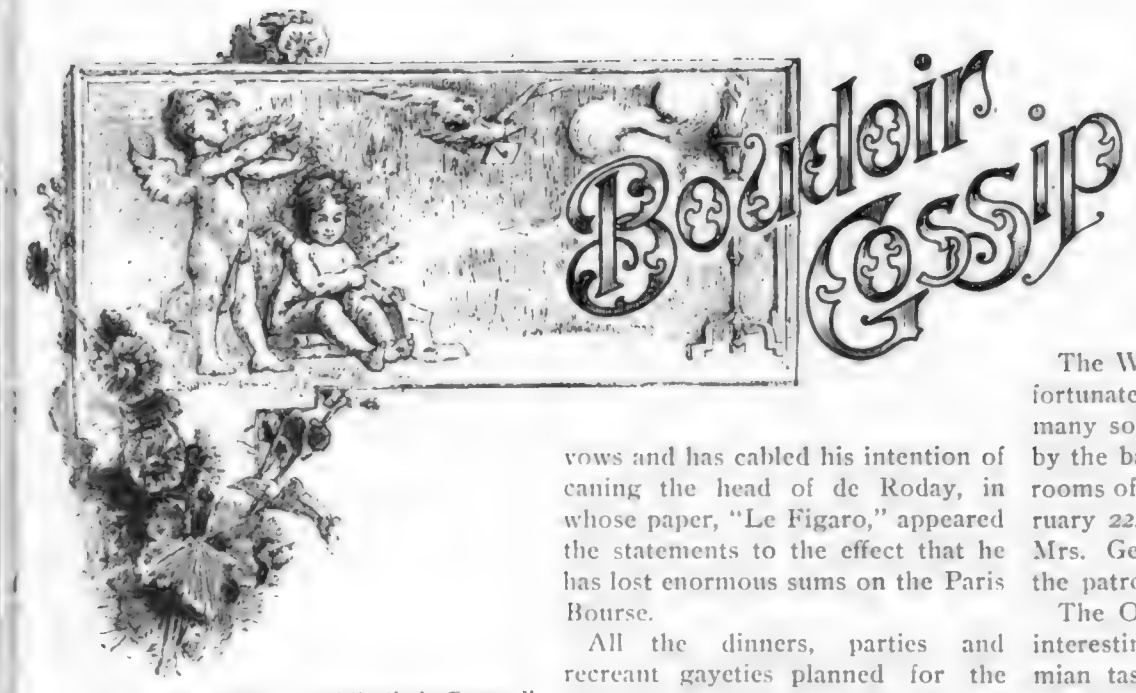
(*Described on page 8.*)

THE NE[illegible]ST HA[illegible]

(*Describ[illegible] page 22*)

HE NE ST HATS.

(See Descrip[illegible] page 22.)



"ANNA Gould's little Count," as the yellow journals undignifiedly term the Count de Castellane, has been a perfect gold mine to space writers since he landed on these shores over five years ago. From the time he is said to have stated that the belles of Newport pursued him with the indelicacy of a washerwoman, to his last unfortunate notoriety, he has been the cause of numerous big "space bills," and many a reporter in Park Row and Herald Square has the Count to thank for his landlady's receipt.

The little Count, whose soubriquet in Paris is Powder Puff, gives sufficient material for "copy," and it is unkind for "the gang of scribblers" to manufacture things that make him seem a degree more ridiculous than he is.

To my mind there is no figure in society, or on the border of it, more pathetic than the poor little Countess de Castellane.

Separated from her good-looking actor sweetheart, Harry Woodruff, recently of the "Papa's Wife" cast, by her family, who wanted to make of her a round of the social ladder they hoped to climb, she allowed them to marry her to a title. That George Gould, who married Edith Kingdon, of the Daly stock, and Howard, who married, afterwards, Buffalo Bill's leading woman, had a right to dictate, the poor little Countess seemed not to dispute. So Anna Gould accepted the title Virginia Fair, now wife of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., refused just one hour before. But the hardest part of the affair seems the ingratitude of her family when the round of the ladder bent. The little Countess stated, with tears in her eyes, as she stood on the deck of the steamer when it anchored, that she was experiencing the very happiest moment of her life, though no doubt she felt keenly the cut her family had given her by not being at the dock, or not sending a note or telegram of welcome, even. Poor little Countess, surely it is a dearly bought title. The Count bitterly and gesticulatingly denies the statement that he has gambled, and vows and has cabled his intention of caning the head of de Roday, in whose paper, "Le Figaro," appeared the statements to the effect that he has lost enormous sums on the Paris Bourse.

All the dinners, parties and recreant gayeties planned for the couple cannot take out the sting of the first neglect of the Goulds. Poor little Countess!

Perhaps it is due to the fact that so many of the gay set are abroad and in mourning that people on the verge of society have gotten into the swim. The few members of the old families who have been in the social arena this season could not entertain with rooms empty, so the supers of society have gotten in and have employed clever press agents to write up the functions which they attended, and often the scene was photographed (in a property drawing room) with the social climber conspicuously in the foreground.

I was very much amused recently to see a picture, supposed to be the drawing room of a well-known society woman, in a daily paper. Shaking hands with the hostess, who was beaming welcome, was a woman most anxious to be spoken of as "among the well-known people present." The room was arranged according to the taste of the artist employed. Naturally, he had not seen the room he was sketching, and instead of correctly reproducing the furniture, which is Louis XIV. style, he made it Empire.

The private theatricals at Georgian Court, the country place of the George Goulds, was a curious and gorgeous affair. A man who was present told me he felt like Alice in Wonderland, when they dragged him from pillar to post to dress, dance, see, feed, etc. Between the Casino and the court and the hotel the guests gyrated with maddening alternations. But the affair may be styled "a social success," and many of the gay set were present.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont will spend the winter in company of her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, on the Continent. I do not know whether or not there is any truth in the report that the Duke makes his wife cut her American friends, but it is stated that he has forbidden her to visit America during his absence in Africa at the head of his company. The Duke was first amused, then disgusted at the absurd reports of the Oriental grandeur in which he was going to the front. His outfit was just like that of any other gentleman of birth, and the gold trappings of his saddle and the silk dressing gowns, etc., were evolved from the inner conscience of a yellow journal reporter.

The Woman's Exchange, which is fortunate enough to have interested many society women, was benefited by the bal poudré, given in the drill rooms of the Berkeley Lyceum, February 22. Mrs. Edwin Gould and Mrs. George Shrady were among the patrons.

The Old Guard ball is always an interesting event to those of bohemian tastes, of the fag end of the season. It took place this year on January 25, and brought up from Washington many of the junior officers of the Army and Navy. Many of the younger men left the Second Assembly before the cotillon and showed at the Guard's, "where things weren't so beastly morguey," as one eligible bachelor said.

The vaudeville performance given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish cannot be said to be an affair that was scintillating in wit. Its production would not insure a fortune to a Broadway manager. The fact that one's host was named Fish met one on all sides. Hints of it were on the programmes and in all the decorations. This class of wit pervaded the whole affair:

"When is a post not a post?" asked one of the actors.

"When it's a Daisy Post," was the reply.

And Miss Post was called upon to applaud this. Everybody had a good time, however, and most of us got the morning papers on our way home, and stumbled over the milk cans, as we sleepily wondered why some one had not invented magnet keys so one need not prop one eye up while one fumbled for the keyhole.

The engagement of Miss Julia Livingston Delafield, daughter of Mr. Maturin Delafield, and Mr. Frederick W. Longfellow, created quite a flutter of interest, especially among the younger set, with whom Miss Delafield has always been popular since she was introduced to society. She is the eldest of three daughters, and the namesake and favorite of her aunt, Miss Julia Livingston Delafield, who makes her home with her brother, Mr. Maturin Delafield.

Although no date is yet arranged for the wedding, it will probably be celebrated during the Easter season, and if so, it will be one the largest church affairs of the spring.

COMTESSE DE MARIGNY.

For pretty graduation gowns, see next issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

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EFFECTIVE TAILOR GOWNS.

(*Described on page 22.*)

SERVICEABLE REEFERS.

(*Described on page 12.*)

STYLISH GOWNS FOR MISSES.

(*Described on page 12.*)

PRINCESS DELPHINE.

By ALEXANDER MCARTHUR,

Author of "Gemma, The Story of a Model," "Irish Rebels," etc.

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PRINCESS DELPHINE came down the stairway and found the boy, whom she supposed was the Italian singer, asleep. She stood over him a moment, but the dogs growled ever so slightly and a second later he was awake, looking up at her with a pair of confused eyes of the loveliest violet imaginable.

"I was asleep," he said, smiling.

"Yes, you were, indeed. I am sorry to disturb you, but the fire looked so inviting. I don't know where my uncle is and I left Madame Tretiakoff dressing."

"I fell asleep really because there was nothing else to do. You are Princess Delphine, of course, and I, I am Raphael Afferni. I sing for Graf Poliakoff."

Looking at the boy's beautiful face, Princess Delphine was not surprised to think that Poliakoff was so fond of him.

"I suppose you couldn't find my uncle, could you?"

"Ah, good morning, Princess. Your uncle is playing a game of billiards and winning right and left," Graf Poliakoff said, as he raised some velvet hangings and came from a room near by. "If you really want him Raphael will run and get him, but don't you think it a pity to disturb the game? besides, it is luncheon time in a few minutes."

"Oh, I wouldn't disturb Karol for anything. I merely wondered what had become of him, as I haven't seen him the whole morning," she replied, quickly.

Just then there was a click of high heels and Madame Tretiakoff appeared at the stairway and from various doors people came sauntering into the hall.

"Apparently, we are all anxious for luncheon," Poliakoff said, as he looked round and nodded and shook hands with those he saw for the first time that morning.

Delphine saw her uncle at the end of the hall, and slipped away to meet him, while Poliakoff was telling the group nearest him of the news in the despatches from St. Petersburg.

At luncheon Delphine again found herself at Graf Poliakoff's left, and on the other side Raphael, who had fought for the place with an old General, and at a nod from Poliakoff, as she saw, had succeeded in getting it.

No one could be more attentive than Raphael. He kept Princess Delphine so busy talking that she had hardly any attention for the remarks made by Graf Poliakoff. She and the boy were conversing in Italian, and once when the child said, with the audacity of a forward child, "Princess, you are the loveliest woman I have ever seen; I am going to drink your health," Graf Poliakoff bent forward with a smile, and said quickly: "You are quite right, Raphael; let me clink glasses with you."

Princess Delphine could hardly believe her ears, but it made her feel happier. During luncheon Poliakoff had to restrain Raphael from eating and drinking too much on account of singing that afternoon, and on one or two occasions, when Raphael was inclined to be fractious, he said to Princess Delphine, "Ah, you will have a surprise when you hear his lovely voice," and the boy at once left the food and wine untasted, Graf Poliakoff whispering on each occasion, in Polish, "You have bewitched my little singer, Princess, as you have bewitched all of us."

Graf Poliakoff liked to hear music in semi-darkness, and the only lights burning in the great salon were those by the music desks. The room was full of shadows, even although the fading afternoon light came in through the long, uncurtained windows. People sat as they chose, on couches and easy chairs, without any attempt at formality. They even smoked cigarettes from time to time. Princess Delphine looked curiously at the artists, particularly at the lazy Basiloff, who could be the greatest violoncellist in the world, if he only had ambition. Just as soon as the instrument was tuned, Graf Poliakoff said quietly:

"My friends Pluchevsky and Basiloff are going to play Rubinstein's D minor Sonata." It was a notice that all conversation must cease, and those who were in the salon sat back at their ease to enjoy, Poliakoff coming over to the dark corner where Princess Delphine had hidden herself.

It was the first time Princess Delphine had heard Rubinstein's lovely Sonata, and she listened entranced. Basiloff was playing it beautifully, and Graf Poliakoff, who was a little behind her, would whisper over her shoulder at every notable passage: "Ah, that is music!" "How exquisite!" "And that fellow Basiloff, is he not a genius?"

"A genius surely, but the music is so lovely! no wonder you love Rubinstein!" Delphine said, as she put both her hands in Poliakoff's at the close of the work.

He was equally excited and enthusiastic. "Yes, if he weren't Russian, cannot you imagine how we Russians would all worship and adore him? Dear Anton Gregoriewitch! He is just as genial as his music. A sad rascal at breaking women's hearts, but what a genius! People forgive him everything, just as they forgave Liszt, and that other Weimar giant Goethe." Then he bent over to her and said softly: "He will write something extraordinary when he sees you. I only wish he could have seen you just now listening to his music. It would have pleased him so greatly."

Just then Princess Delphine realized that for one half-hour she had forgotten her trouble. Her face fell, and grew visibly paler. "Ah," she said quickly, "he is indeed a genius to make me forget some things, for I am in very great trouble, Graf Poliakoff."

"You will tell me all about it this evening. Just as soon as the music is over." He went away as he finished, having answered her, as she thought, somewhat sharply, and Delphine sat alone, not at all hearing the Tschaikowsky Trio that was being played, so great was her perturbation over the coming interview.

She could hardly control her impatience during the Rubinstein *lieder*, even although Raphael was singing them with exquisite sentiment and tenderness. Snatches of the Heine verse reached her as in a dream, and when it was all over she went out of her corner to congratulate Raphael simply because Poliakoff was beside him. It seemed an interminable time till one by one they all sauntered away, and at last in desperation Princess Delphine said pointedly, when one of the old Generals buttonholed Poliakoff with some long-winded tale of an ancient tenor and opera at Naples, "Graf, may I not have that interview. It is not much more than half an hour till dinner time."

Again Princess Delphine thought his manner grew suddenly cold and formal, as he said, very politely, "If you will come to my study, Princess, we can talk the matter over."

Her hand shook as it rested on his arm so badly that she dreaded lest he noticed it, and for the first time in her life an agonizing fit of nervousness took possession of her, which increased when she met Madame Tretiakoff's dark eyes bent steadily on her from the farthest corner of the room as she passed out with Poliakoff.

All at once Delphine found she had nothing to say. The interview was hers for the asking and Graf Poliakoff, the most powerful of the Czar's ministers, was patiently waiting for her to begin. But it was just the beginning that was so difficult. Voice and wits seemed to have left her, even though she was painfully conscious that the minutes slipping away were big with possibilities for her and for her lover. Outside she could hear people laughing and talking and the dogs barking as they frisked with Raphael, but in the somewhat gloomy room where they were seated a silence as of the tomb reigned complete.

"It is about Count Bobrinski-Potocki," she faltered at last. "I want you to do something for him. We are old friends, in fact," she added more boldly, "I was engaged to him, as you may know." She hesitated over the word "was" and her color deepened as she wondered was she a traitor to her lover. But she reasoned plausibly with herself that it was only a word after all. Ladislas would never know and it might be more pleasing to Graf Poliakoff.

Poliakoff was on to it like a hawk after prey. "What do you mean?" he interposed quickly. "You say you were engaged. Is it broken off?"

"No, but——"

"Like so many other girls," he said, with a smile of condescension, "you are not quite sure if you are in love."

"I have seen so few men," she said apologetically. "What do I know? Perhaps I am, perhaps I am not. But in any case I mean to do everything. Yes, everything, Graf, even if I must see the Tsar himself to gain his freedom. He is so kind-hearted and easy, so unsuspicious by nature. I know he is only a tool, and he has heard stories about your Russian government and foolishly said or wrote something."

"But, my dear Princess, unfortunately he is grown up and responsible for his actions," Graf Poliakoff said somewhat sarcastically.

"Still there are the most horrid stories. You know it."

"Yes, the priests are great at inventing and imagining. They told you, did they not?"

"The priests? What need have they? Those who have eyes and ears can see and hear for themselves. You forbid us to speak Polish in our schools."

"Merely a matter of our Imperial policy."

"You would crush us if you could."

"Poland is part of Russia now, and Russia must govern her people as she thinks fit."

Delphine felt argument was useless with one who was a minister and a Slavophile of the most pronounced type. She tried coaxing. She went over to him and laying her hands on his shoulders prevented him from rising. "Ah, Graf," she said softly and sweetly, "you are great and powerful and you are good. Won't you please, for my sake, do something for Bobrinski? It isn't because we are engaged—I am not sure whether I love him or not. He is the first man who proposed to me. It is because we have been children together, and the thought tortures and terrifies me—the mines of Siberia. Ladislas, oh God!"

The tears rose in her eyes and her lips and voice trembled. Her face and his were dangerously near. For the first time in his life Poliakoff felt weak and helpless; felt that his nerve and even his personality had deserted him.

"I'll tell you what, little girl," he said softly and almost solemnly, "it is all nonsense to say I have such power, but when we go to Petersburg I promise you I will sift this matter personally to the bottom, and if there is a loophole whereby Bobrinski may escape it will be found."

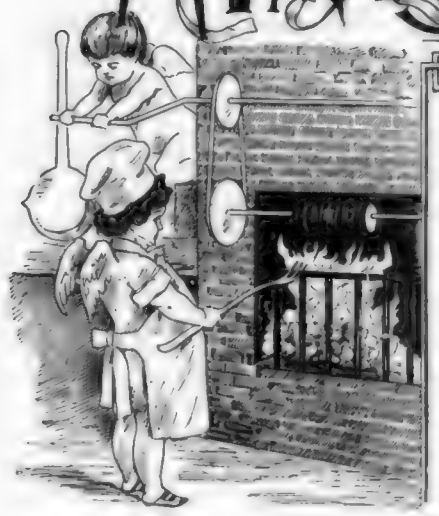
She could not conceal her joy, and she could no longer conceal her emotion. A sigh that betokened long pent up agony broke from her slowly, and with a gesture so childlike and simple that her action seemed nothing out of the common, she bent and pressed a kiss on his lips. A kiss so cold and pure it sent a sort of delirium through his brain and tasted as nectar after the countless lewd kisses of passion women had bestowed on him so generously for years.

That kiss sealed Delphine's fate, and also Ladislas Potocki's, for even as Poliakoff looked up into her grateful eyes and reveled in the youthful loveliness of the flower-like face bent over him, an ecstacy unlike any other he had known took possession of him as he sat and wondered, "Can it be that I, Poliakoff, am in love! that this is what so many poets have sung and written of and glowed in? That at last I am experiencing it?"

Delphine noted the change in his face, wondered at it and then forgot it. She was hoping that if there was really anything in telepathy Ladislas would then know the triumph and hope in her heart and the depth of her love for him as well.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES



TO THE woman with a splendid income these hints are not addressed. She can go to a leading decorator and leave an order. Her Turkish room can only be exceeded by her gem-like Henry II hall, and the Louis XVI drawing room is hardly less beautiful than the old Dutch dining-room. Every detail is carried out by skilled workmen.

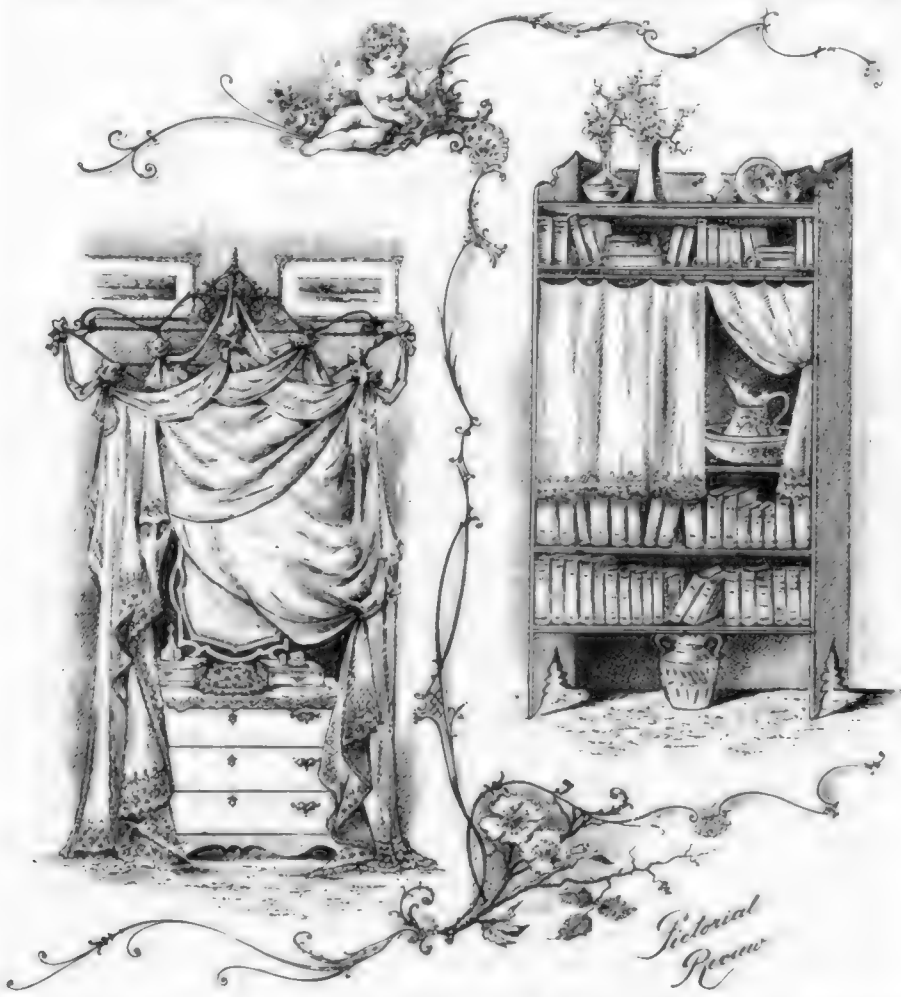
The occupant of such a house or apartment never bothers her head about the small points in question. She does not condescend to criticise till the whole is complete.

But for that large class of the feminine world, known as "the bachelor girl," who cannot afford more than one room in a boarding or lodging house, and who does not want to receive in the tiny, public reception room, this is written.

With a little ingenuity, and some expense, the fact that the den is a sleeping room may be concealed very cleverly.

In most houses in large cities the washstand has running water, and is in a closet or dressing room. But in the cheapest rooms, sometimes, this is not the case. Yet there is no reason why that large body of students and working women that constitute such a great portion of a city should be prevented from extending the pretty little hospitalities that are dear to every womanly woman, whether she is a princess or a peasant.

One of the cleverest women in New York, an aspiring young actress, still on the lowest round of the ladder of Fame, lives in an extra large hall bedroom. Every afternoon from four to six she is at home, and the only refreshments she can afford to offer her guests are tea, which she



brews deliciously—and she looks charming as she flutters over the kettle—crackers and bon bons, which she makes herself.

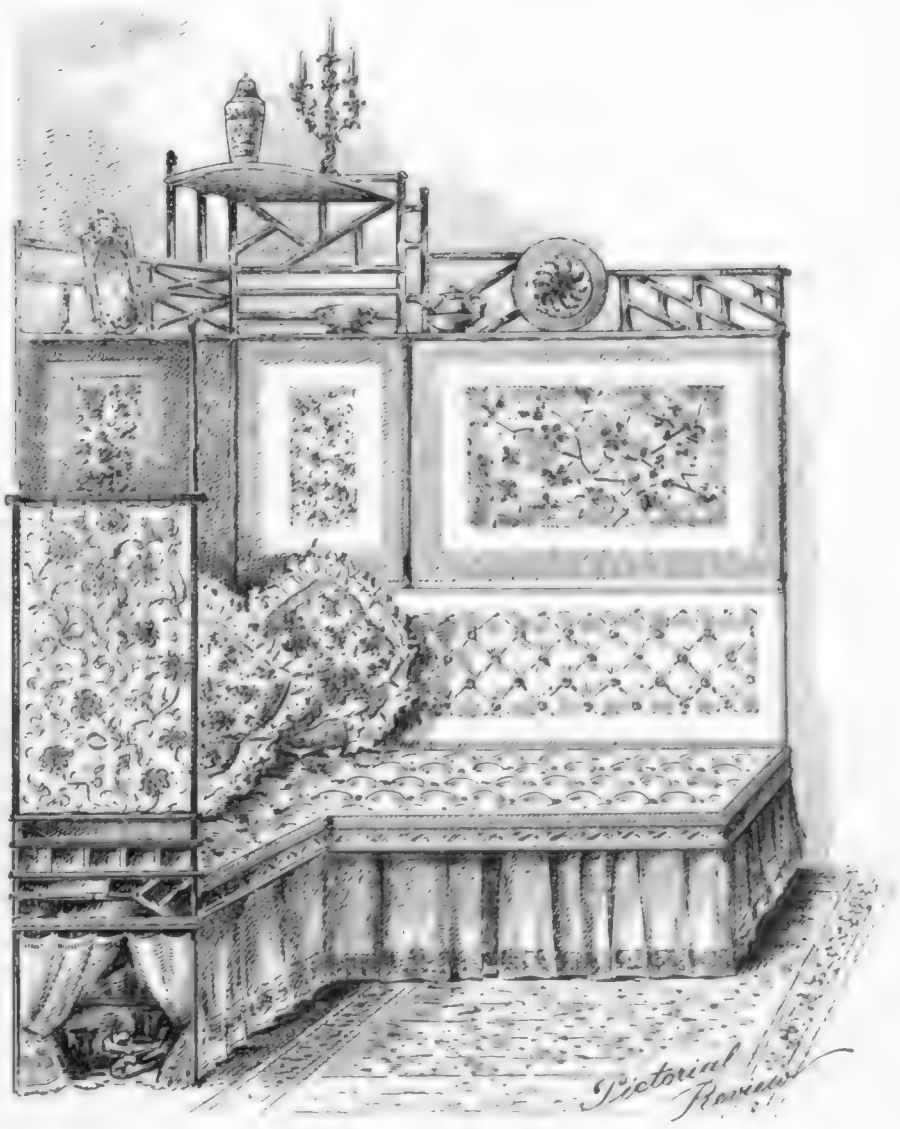
Some of the most brilliant men in the artistic and literary sets call almost every day, and, strange to say, she is popular with women also. Sometimes the little room is so crowded that the door has to be opened, and chairs are placed in the corridor for the late arrivals. A delightful atmosphere of home pervades the whole. These little daily "at homes" are more enjoyable than Mrs. Astor's most gorgeous functions, and invitations to them are as much sought for by appreciative ones.

Almost two entire sides of the room are taken up by the cosy corner. This consists of two boxes, with a mattress pad. One box is six feet long, the other is eight. This is to make the sides seem equal when the couch-bed is covered.

The cosy corner is framed in bamboo, and the panels are Japanese prints. On the top shelf are ornaments and the tea table things, since there is no room for a table. The couches are covered with flowered cretonne in delicate shades of pink and gold. The pillows are very handsome and have been contributed by women who have made better bargains with Fate than the pretty little hostess. As every atom of space in so small a den is valuable, there are two shelves in the couches, that run the entire length of them. Upon these are kept shoes, shirt waists, etc., and the folding table that is brought out for tea making.

The washstand, apparently, is a bookcase. On the upper and lower shelves are books, and the middle ones, which are covered by a silkoline curtain, contain the bowl and pitcher. The bureau has the same effect—only the scale is larger, and an entire portiere is dropped over the whole, when not in use. One would think it was an artistic entrance to another room. In fact, it is a fac-simile of the one that shuts off a tiny closet, in which gowns are hung.

The walls are plain, pink paper, and are hung with autograph pictures of celebrities, who are good enough to prophesy a brilliant future for the clever little hostess.



FASHIONS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Miss Annie Irish has had to have several sets of gowns for that successful little play, "Because She Loved Him So." During the last week of its recent run in New York I was in Miss Irish's dressing-room. The floor was littered with the cords and wrappings of a box, in which had come one of Paquin's inspirations.

It is a handsome tailored gown of robbin's egg blue broadcloth, lined with taffeta of the same shade. The skirt has a double box plait in the back, three diagonal darts or tiny tucks over each hip. A narrow strap marks the center of the skirt in front. The casual observer would think the bottom of the skirt is decorated with similar straps in miniature. Such is not the case. They are inlaid. The goods is cut out. This is done to secure the Paquin flare at the bottom. Each strap is headed ended by a rolled loop of silver braid and black velvet.

The waist has the appearance of a zouave jacket, but in reality it is fastened under the arms and in the back to the wide girdle of black velvet. The girdle fastens at one side, and is striped with tiny silver and gold cord. The coat collar has the same effect, only the cords are closer together, and they blend most artistically and gleam in the gaslight with stunning effect. The vest is white lace over pink silk.

Another chic toilette is white crepe striped with white satin over lavender silk. Across the petticoat are folds of white silk, beneath which fall two flounces of fine French embroidery. The overdress opens down the front and is edged with a frill of lavender silk.

The bodice is of the French embroidery, with transparent yoke and sleeves. The zouave is of lavender silk, with lattice-work folds of white silk.

Very charming is the gown of gray French grenadine. The effect is that of a princess robe, but it is in two pieces. The drop skirt is perfectly plain and the tunic is edged with a bias flounce. From the shoulder to the end of the tunic, on either side, are pieces of heavy lace about two inches wide, run through with black velvet ribbon. The cross bar pieces are of the same material. There is a small yoke of white liberty silk. The back of the skirt is gathered and draped instead of the stiff box plait.

In "The Cowboy and the Lady" Miss Maxine Elliott wears three effective gowns. The riding habit of dark tan has been greatly admired. The skirt is the conventional habit skirt, and the waist is a reefer buttoning across the chest. A white duck shirt waist, tan belt, and soft, brown felt hat are worn.

The evening gown is cream Renaissance lace over white silk. From the tunic, and attached to it, fall two wide, accordion-plaited flounces of white chiffon, edged with white satin ribbon. Upon the bodice of lace are draped ruffles of wide lace, which fall over the arms and form the sleeves. The belt, and the straps, from which the lace pouch is suspended, are black velvet.

The black cloth tailor gown is very effective. The skirt opens on one side, and, apparently, is in two flounces, though in reality it is in one piece. The upper flounce is rounded, as is the bottom one, and cuts the figure through the knees. The front of the gown and each flounce is outlined with a fold of black satin. The waist has the effect of an Eton jacket. Between the skirt of coat and the middle of the back a wide piece of black satin is set in. The front pieces, which fall below the belt line, are plain, and flare unconfiningly from the figure. A sheer white lawn shirt waist, heavily ruffled, is worn.

EDITH EMERY.

DESCRIPTION OF CENTER PAGES.

Several of the leading milliners have had their spring openings, and the wholesale people are counting these as their "busy days." The styles this spring are curious. Autumn tones seem to prevail. Foliage of the most brilliant hue is used, and grapes are a popular trimming. The vague, uncertain green of the muscatel grape, the flaming Tokay, and the dull purple of the Concord are used widely. Lizard green and meadow green are two new shades, and a new material is Florence cloth —it is finely woven straw, that looks like straw figures appliqued on cloth. It makes stunning toques.

Pompons are used extensively. They are made of velvet often, and of tulle and chiffon, having gold stamens and rhinestone anthers. Flowers are seen in the wildest profusion, and one wonders how such a jumble of colors could be put together so artistically. The shapes are turban, Directoire, semi-poke, and what you please, in fact.

A charming hat pictured on the center pages is of cream colored chip, with brim of gray Florence cloth. The crown is bound by a band of dark gray panne velvet. At one side the brim is fastened back with a cluster of gray and cream tips.

A broad brimmed Leghorn, trimmed with black velvet orchids, having gold hearts, was a gorgeous picture hat, sketched by our artist. A black lace rosette fastened back the brim.

Ecru Florence cloth, sailor shape, with band and bow of black velvet, covered with brilliant autumn leaves, was another pretty affair.

The English walking hat, in rough straw, with exaggeratedly long back, was an odd shape seen. Large black wings, rising from black satin bows, looked well as a trimming.

A Leghorn, bent somewhat in the Gainsborough shape, with cream colored ostrich feathers spreading from either side of the black velvet bows on brim and crown, was a pleasing model. Where the brim was turned up at the side were sprays of yellow and white chrysanthemums.

Autumn leaves and purple grapes spreading over a gray straw hat were a pleasing effect. A bow of pink ribbon nestled near the hair of the pretty girl who posed in the hat for PICTORIAL REVIEW's artist.

A pastel blue straw, with limp brim, was a unique model. The only trimmings were a black velvet bow and a very thick osprey curving towards the front of the hat.

DESCRIPTION OF PAGE 17.

The gown at the left is cadet blue broadcloth. The skirt is box plaited. The plaits are stitched from the waist to the knees, except the one in the back, which is allowed to flow out in graceful curves. The plait in front is a trifle wider than those at the sides. The bottom of each plait, except the back one, is ornamented with black lace applique. The waist and sleeves are laid in small box plaits. The vest is tucked white silk, with plastron of lace, similar to that edging the revers.

The second gown is of fine, dark blue French serge. The sides of the skirt are plain, while front and back are laid in single plaits, stitched in black, as is the bottom of the skirt. The waist is plaited in a similar style, while the stock, plastron, jabot, epaulettes and belt are black satin.

MINIATURE GREENHOUSES.

One of the most artistic and surest ways of preserving ferns and other delicate plants is to put them in the tiny glass and gilt greenhouses that come for that purpose.

The miniature greenhouses are shaped just like the genuine article. They are low and long and have slanting roofs. The hip roof-beam is fastened with small hooks, and can be thrown back when the plants need water or the earth requires stirring.

The whole is put on a large, moss-covered waiter, and in this, sometimes, is a roof tree, a dwarf oak or maple. These can stand the atmosphere of the steam-heated house or apartment better than the little plants in the greenhouse.

The Newest Things in Misses' Gowns will be pictured in next issue. . . . . .

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GOOD INTENTIONS.

ONE may have the gift of experience, one may be able to cull the wisdom that lurks in paradoxes, and one may even learn from the advice of friends, but for a practical guide to conduct in human affairs there is nothing like the copy-book.

I have not seen one for many lusters, but I know there is a maxim which tells you that, if you see anything wrong in the world, you should go and put it right and so save trouble in the end. This occurred to me, when I saw how things were going with Fred and Florrie.

Of course, one doesn't expect engaged people to get on with each other particularly well, but equally one doesn't expect their little quarrels to make each of them disagreeable when they are apart; and Fred has been positively hateful lately.

This morning, when I came out on to the lawn, I saw Florrie sitting in the hammock and swinging a petulant foot, while Fred got up from the seat behind and went off in a huff. I took his place and watched the signs of temper in his retreating back.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" I said impatiently.

I could see that Florrie was in her most exasperating mood. Her eyes were bubbling with mischief, as they followed him into the house and then came back to me.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong—a something or other 'too short.' What is it that's too short?" she said.

"I don't know anything about it," I replied. I believe she knew perfectly well. "What's up with you and Freddie?"

She took the corner of her handkerchief out of her mouth and said—

"When gentlemen are eaten up with jealousy, they make themselves exceedingly ridiculous, ridic-dic-dic-dic-*diculous*!"

"Oh, that's it, is it? To judge from the expression on Freddie's face, the hated rival had better make the most of the brief remainder of his existence."

"'Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite, but oh, beware my Freddie, when my Freddie grows polite,'" said Florrie. "By the way, has my Freddie been polite to any one lately?"

"Not to me, certainly, nor, so far as I know, to any one else."

"Oh, that's all right then."

"Look here!" I said. "This is all very well for a bit, but things get out of hand before you know, and a time comes—"

"When Hope looks backward and becomes Regent,'" said Florrie, with a tremendous sigh which tailed off into a yawn. "By the way, I hope you thoroughly appreciate the merits of my conversation; it's like a half-hour with the best authors."

I looked up suspiciously. I remembered having read poetry to her one day under a tree. Of course it was a very long time ago, before—well, quite beyond the reach of memory.

"And what does the victim of this fatal attachment do to make Mr. Freddie so furious?" I asked.

"He's too attentive, Freddie says." And Florrie looked demure.

"I wonder who it is. You might give me a hint," I said.

She turned her head, and I could not make out what made her look so roguish.

"I scarcely like to describe him to you," she said.

"Oh, don't mind me," I replied.

"Well, in appearance, he is—shall we say?—better than handsome. He is not—not a mere boy. Still he is romantic—fond of poetry, and all that sort of thing."

"He sounds horrid," I said.

"As a matter of fact," she retorted, turning her head away, "you have a very good opinion of him."

"Then I know him?"

She looked at me again.

"Not very well, I think," she said.

"Oh, not very well. Do you like the chap?" I asked.

"I am very fond of him indeed. I have been for years." She made the expression with an easy smile.

"Poor Freddie," I murmured.

"Oh, Freddie's quite different," she said with a change of voice.

"But where is the rival to be found?" I asked. "In London?"

"Oh, no," she said. "You're quite cold. Guess again?"

"Not in London. Somewhere in the country. It can't be any one here."

"Your getting warmer now," she mumbled.

"Here! Why not——?"

Oh, yes, of course I know that any one with a grain of sense would have seen in a minute, but I didn't. And when I did, I didn't know what to feel like.

Out of the house came Freddie, not a bit less sulky-looking than before, and carrying in his hand his fishing-rod. He did not vouchsafe a glance to the hammock.

I hurried up to cut him off.

"Fred, you are a thundering idiot!" I said, and took his fishing-rod.

When I got to the gate, I took a last look and he was by the hammock then. I don't know whether he caught it. I caught nothing.

H. W.

The next issue will be the Easter Number, and will contain interesting and valuable points on Easter millinery.

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THE APPLE OF PARIS

Questions for this page should be addressed to Gladys Grey.

Grace is to be desired by all women, and, fortunately, this is easily acquired. With all the arts known to the teachers of physical culture, and the columns in leading magazines and dailies devoted to the subject, there is no excuse for a woman who has not a certain amount of beauty and charm. Every woman cannot afford to take lessons in physical culture from the best teachers, and all others should be avoided, but every woman can afford to buy one of the reliable magazines or papers in which there are to be found valuable hints on the toilette as well as rules for the health.

A good figure is to be desired, of course, but it is lost if the woman is awkward. In fact, standing, walking and sitting incorrectly will, in time, injure the figure to such an extent that it can no longer be called good.

Round shoulders are the result of bending over the piano, a desk, or machine. Uneven hips are the out come of throwing the weight of the body on one side. A badly poised head is due, often, to pillows too high, or to reading in a half reclining position, where the weight is thrown on the middle of the spine, instead of the end, as nature intended.

"Carrying heavy parcels and resting them on the hips sends me more patients than any other imprudence," says a noted specialist of women's diseases.

The peasant women of old countries carry their burdens suspended from their shoulders or on their heads. The water carriers of India are the most graceful women in the world. Their ease and evenness of carriage is said to be due to carrying two buckets of water, one on each side, suspended from a rod laid over their shoulders.

An old-fashioned dancing teacher in St. Louis compelled his pupils to walk with a glass of water on their heads to teach them evenness of motion.

But it is impossible, according to our laws of conventionality, for our women to hold or carry their parcels on their backs or heads, and most of them fall into the habit of resting their burdens on their hips. Many mothers carry their babies in this manner. This forces the body into a position contrary to all laws of health. The abdomen is protruded and the tenderest part of the spinal column, the great nerve center, is compelled to do the work nature assigned to the whole.

A young woman to whom I gave personal instructions as to correct standing and walking recently returned after a few days and wanted to know if I was sure that I was correct. She fancied that a position so difficult to assume and so painful to maintain could not be correct.

I hastened to assure her that she had contracted bad habits in her early youth, and, naturally, the errors of years could not be corrected in a few hours.

To stand correctly, throw the shoulders back, head up, and the body should be so held that a line dropped from the chin should strike the tips of the toes. This puts the hips and abdomen in the right place, and the spinal column does its duty in supporting the upper portion of the body. The knees should be unbent, lest they become enlarged, and upon the balls of the feet rests the whole body.

In walking, the balls of the feet should strike the ground first. If the heels strike the ground first the vertebræ is jarred with each step. Backaches, headaches and many ills are the result

Of course, it is more natural for women of Southern countries to walk more gracefully than those of the North. There is a noticeable difference between the carriage of the women of the two sections of this country, and the walk of the high-bred woman of South America is a greater improvement still. The woman of the South, with every fiber vitalized, is the personification of grace. She never learns how to walk well. It is a grace that is inborn. She is never told to take steps twice as long as one of her dainty, arched feet. She does so instinctively. She is never instructed not to break at the waist as she moves. She would find it difficult to do so. Hers is a natural, tiger-like grace that belongs to her by right of heritage.

A reader who spends much of her time in the saddle wishes to know something to relieve the soreness that a long ride engenders. The following, with the substitution of a silk cloth instead of the sponge, I can recommend. It is from the Medical Review, which gives it as the favorite bath of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The Divine Sarah calls it an eau sedative:

"Two ounces of spirits of ammonia, two of spirits of camphor, one cup and a half of sea salt, two cups of alcohol. Put all into a quart bottle, and fill with hot water. Shake before using. The method of application is very simple. The body is bathed with a soft sponge dipped in the undiluted liquid and dried with the slight friction of a smooth towel. After the bath the stiffness and soreness of fatigue are all gone, the circulation is stimulated, and a gentle languor is induced, followed by a desire to sleep."

THE RING FINGERS.

Rather a well-known woman is trying to reintroduce the fashion of wearing the rings on the first finger. It is not probable that the obsolete fad will have a wide popularity.

It went out of date with the good, old-fashioned novel our grandmothers used to read, where the hero always slipped a "diamond solitaire on her slim, white, first finger," in the last chapter, as everything in the way of a misunderstanding was explained away.

It is against all rules of art to decorate this finger. According to Delsarte and all authorities on the subject, the first and second fingers precede the others in correct gesture. And the balance is better preserved if the weight, the rings, be on the lower portion of the hand.

The third and fourth fingers will continue to be the ones upon which a well-dressed and up-to-date woman wears her rings.

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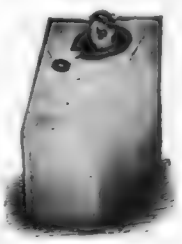

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Nos. 12 and 13

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No. 12. The golf cape, pictured and described on page 8, and numbered 591, is offered as one of our patterns this month.

No. 13. There have been so many requests for golf capes by people who wish to have that necessary accessory to the summer wardrobe, whether an ocean voyage, trip to mountains or sea shore is contemplated, that it has been decided to publish a second golf cape pattern. The sketch on page 8, numbered 590, is pattern No. 13.

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WOMEN AT LUNCH.

"Have you ever noticed women lunching together at a cafe?" asked the Observing Man recently to his friend. "If not, it will pay you to go to a small, unpretentious hotel or cafe during the luncheon hour, some day. The sight is well worth the trouble.

"In the first place, the most extravagant woman feels that she will become a pauper if she squanders more than $1 on her lunch. Twenty cents is her limit when alone. It is not an uncommon sight to see a woman wearing a handsome, silk-lined gown and a gorgeous fur coat come into a cafe, when she is worn out with a tour of the bargain counters, which would disable a center rush on a crack football team, and order a roll and a cup of coffee to fit her for a second round in the afternoon.

"When two are together, however, they grow reckless and order a whole portion of fish or salad. The fun comes in when the bill is paid. They count up the check—though that should not take a great while—and each pays her share. Pennies are dived for in their purses, crowded with keys, mirrors, samples and hairpins.

"The combined wealth is spread out on the table, carefully counted, and each states, in anything but a whisper, what 'I had.' Then they take an hour to put on their gloves, don their wraps and decide where they will go. People may be standing, waiting for tables, but that is an unimportant detail.

"Fancy two men in a hotel or at a bar and each paying for what 'I had.' But, bless 'em, it is the eternal feminine in them that makes us love 'em."

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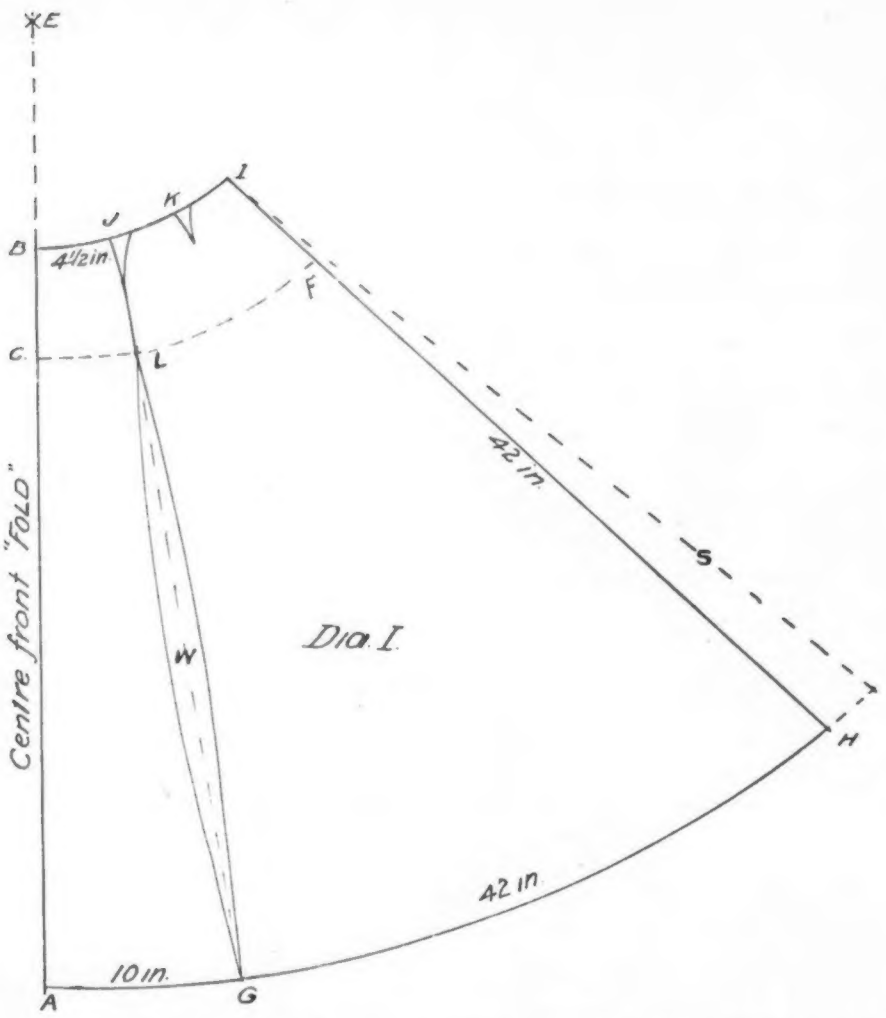

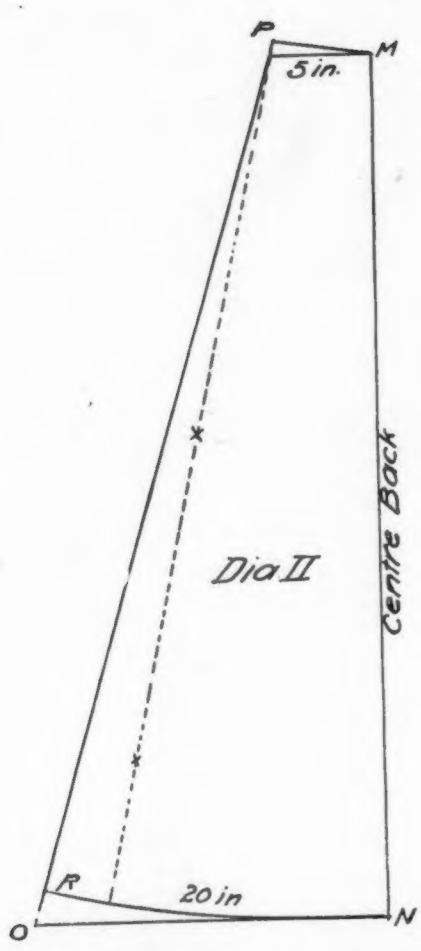

LESSON ON PRACTICAL DRESSMAKING.

Copyright by W. McDowell.

A TAILOR-MADE SKIRT, IN FOUR PIECES, WITH A "FLARE."

This skirt has been designed to be cut from cloth, as the several gores are of such proportions most appropriate for that kind of material.

The manner in which the draft is made will produce a spring or "flare" at the bottom of the sides, which is sometimes very desirable.

To Draft.—We will use the following measures: Waist, 24 in.; hip, 42 in., and length of skirt, 42 in.

From the edge of the paper draw a line from A to E.

A to B is the length of skirt (in this case 42 in.).

C is 5 in. below B, and as this is about the most prominent part of the hips, here is where the hip measure must be applied.

B to E is one-half the waist measure and 6 in. more. The object in locating E is simply to use this point in forming the curved lines; therefore place one end of the tape measure at E in making the curves.

Pivot at E and sweep the curved lines BI, CF and AH.

From C to F is one half the hip measure, less one inch; in this case one-half of the hip measure is 21 in. less 1 in., leaves 20 in., the distance from C to F.

From A to G is 10 in.

From G to H is 42 in.

These points G and H may be changed according to the style or to suit the taste of the customer. Some persons like the front gore wider at the bottom, while others prefer it narrower.

Draw a straight line from H through F; where it crosses over the waist line it will locate point I.

Now as the distance from C to F is one-h lf the hip measure less 1 inch, the same rule must be applied from B to I.

Measure from B towards I one-half of the waist measure less 1 in. (In this case 12 in. less 1 in. leaves 11 in.). The balance shows the amount to be taken out in the darts at J and K.

W is half way between G and hip line L.

Shape the lines from L to G so that each line will pass ¾ in. from W. These lines are the sewing lines; add for seams about 1 in.

If you do not desire the "flare" in this skirt, then you must not use the curved lines. Simply use the straight dotted line from L to W and on to G. This is the sewing line; allow 1 in. for seams.

To Draft the Back.—Draw line MN the length of the skirt. (In this case, 42 in.).

Draw line from M square out to P 5 in. and from N to O 20 in.

Now curve from M to a point 1 in. above P.

Measure from this point down towards O the length of the skirt in the back to R; curve from this point to N so as to shape the bottom of the back as shown by the Diagram II.

This will form one-half of the back; but if your material is wide enough you can lay line MN on the fold and cut it all in one piece, thus avoiding the seam in the center of the back. The fullness in the back at the waist can be laid in a single box-plait of about 2 in. wide; if a seam in the center of the back, it can be laid in two small side plaits on either side or gathered at the waist band.

If the material you desire to use is not wide enough to cut the back at the bottom this width; or if you desire it to be more narrow, take from the back the amount you desire "as shown by the dotted line XX" and add this amount to side seam as shown by the dotted line S.

This will not disturb the fit of the skirt, and may be an advantage sometimes in getting it out of the material without adding a piece.

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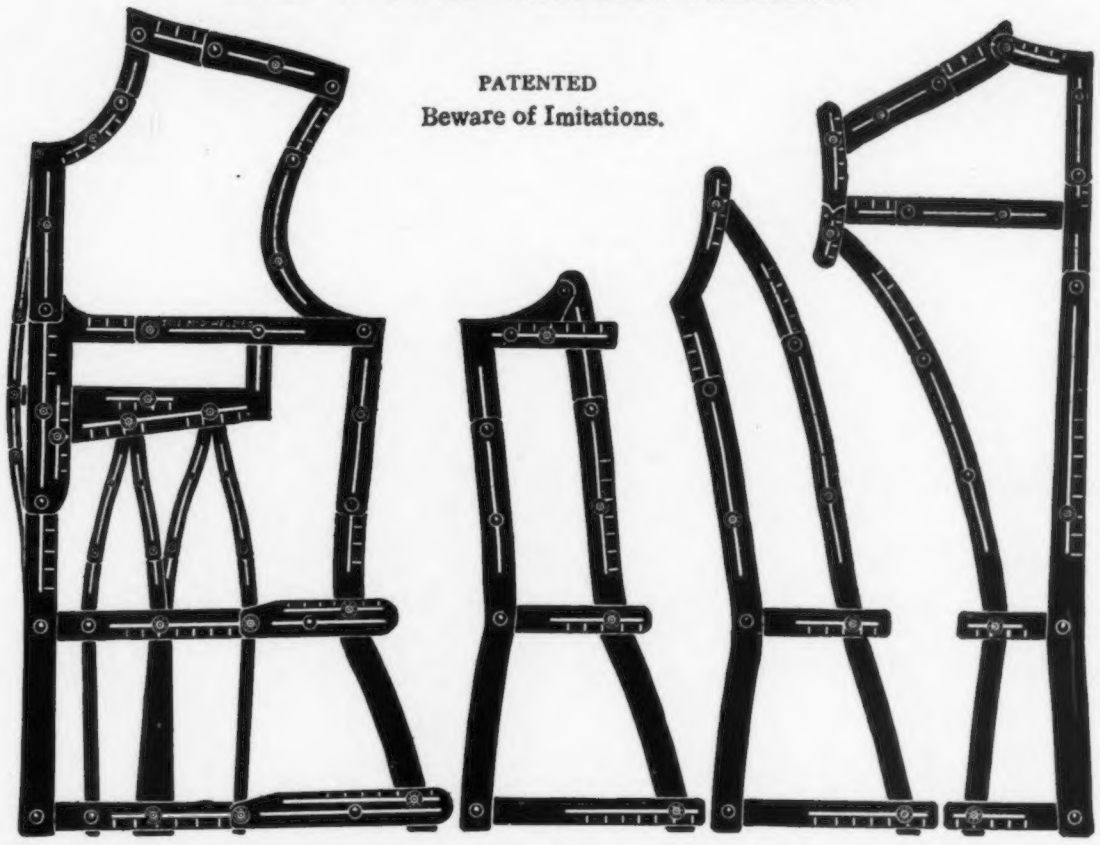

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We do not touch your money unless you are satisfied, and order it sent to us. In other words, you have the use of the Drafting Machine and outfit at your own home for 30 days by merely paying Express charges. If dress-cutting and fitting annoy you hereafter, YOU ARE ALONE TO BLAME, for the Drafting Machine does everything claimed for it, or we would be foolish to make so extraordinary a proposition and run all the risk ourselves.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that you would willingly secure anything within your means that was certain to render your profession easier; prevent the worry and the annoyance incidental to dress-cutting and fitting, increase your skill and enable you to save four-fifths of your time; make money more rapidly than at present, and become at once superior to all competitors in your town and neighborhood in the art of dress making? Well, madam, we promise all these things, and prove the truth of our promises by letting you test the machine and outfit at your own home without paying us a single cent. Should you decide to keep it and do not find it superior to all methods of Dress Cutting, or if it does not do what we claim for it, we will return you your money, provided you return us the machine in good order within 30 days. This ought to satisfy you that it has superior merit.

WRITE

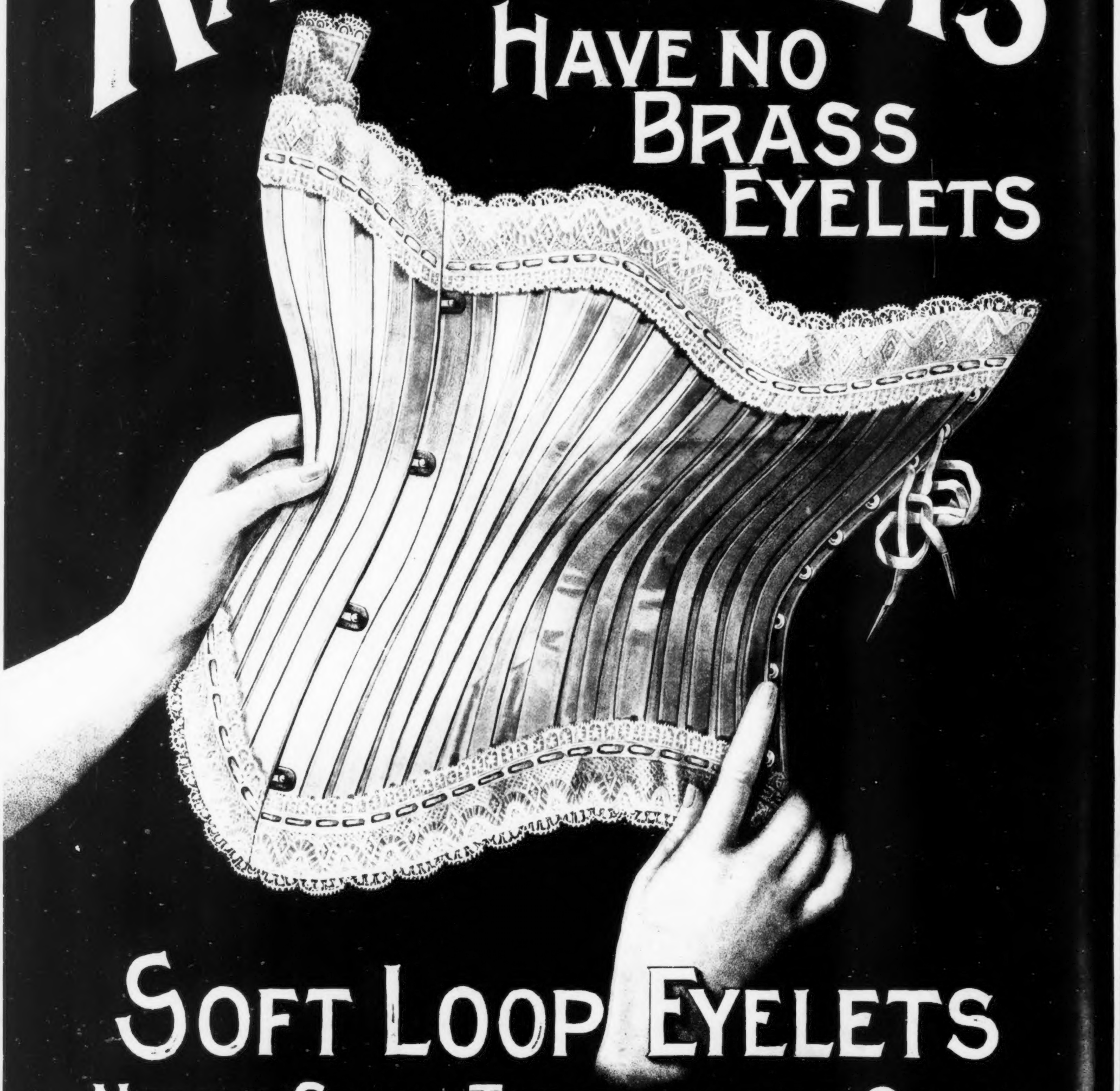
The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine Company,

General Office, 6 West 14th Street,

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

KABO CORSETS

HAVE NO BRASS EYELETS



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